

HONOLULU PRESS.

VOL. II. NO 71.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 224.

PRINCESS CHARMIAN

By ALISON.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

I am standing in one of the windows in the front drawing-room after dinner, watching the great round golden moon floating up into the clear pale amethystine sky, while the Count de Roquemont talks to me in his grave deliberate voice, with eyes as deep blue as the violets in his hair, and with a smile of Mrs. Purdy's long-haired musical genius plays some Russian dance-music on the piano, which seems to me to have no melody in it, but the quaint barbaric rhythm of which takes my fancy nevertheless.

"You are thinking very deeply, Miss Coventry."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Have you been speaking to me?"

"I only asked you if you had read Jules Verne's books about the moon, and seem to be contemplating some way of getting there, you are studying its geography so intently."

"I was not thinking of the moon. I was thinking how little some people are appreciated."

"Not Miss Coventry, I hope?"

"I shake my head. I have been thinking of Charman, and wondering how it will be if Lord Lorraine does not come to Earl's Gate Place any more while I am here. I know now that he will never marry Charman. He told me so deliberately—he said he would not marry her if there were not another woman in the world. His eyes have been opened—not altogether by that unfortunate trip to London—to the fact that she is not the wife for him. I am surprised that he should ever have erred so much in judgment as to suppose she was, being the kind of man he is. But how will Charman give him up? How will it be when she knows that he has no intention of forgiving her—as she would count forgiveness—or of renewing their engagement? It will break her heart. And yet, if they were married, and she were a true patriot, she would be passionately happy for a little while, she would be miserable when she found how little he gave her in return for all that she gave him. How could my beautiful, ardent princess go on wasting her whole heart and soul for a man who never loved her, and of devotion would only weary—who absolutely dislikes the vivacity and animation and gay childish nonchalance of manner which has its origin in the sunny Southern blood which runs in her blood?"

"A great many of the greatest men who have ever lived have not been appreciated," De Roquemont says, in his slow, grave, dreamy way, "or perhaps not until they have been dead a hundred years."

"It seems to me it is the best people who suffer," I answer, with a shrug. "Stupid commonplace men and women get on so much better. The brave and true die martyrs—generally speaking—of so it seems to me."

"Martyrs?" Charman says, coming to the window. "Who is talking about martyrs?"

"Miss Coventry is growing philosophical in the light of the moon," the Count tells her, smiling.

"Have you ever wondered what the Empress Josephine felt when the King of Rome was brought to her by Napoleon?" Charman asks dreamily. "One talks of martyrs; but what are a few moments at the stake compared with a thing like that?"

"Private feelings must give way when the good of one's country is in question," De Roquemont says, quickly. "Napoleon wanted to establish his dynasty. But I believe he too suffered—they say he was very much attached to the Empress Josephine."

"Would Josephine have given him up for the sake of France, Count de Roquemont?"

"She would, if she were a true patriot," Charman shrugs her shoulders. The light of the moon, falling full on her figure in its long shimmering faintly-colored gown, bathes her from head to foot in its soft pale radiance; her face is a little raised, her great dreamy eyes looking deep into the clear opal tinted sky. My heart begins to ache strangely as I look at her; a dim foreboding figure seems to stand behind her, indistinct as her shadow on the moonlit floor. I put out my hand and take hold of her, to reassure myself.

"Charman, you must not linger any longer at this open window. Count will get you kind enough to close it! And let me get you some tea or something—your hands are as cold as ice!"

But she shakes her head, refusing to allow the window to be closed. The Count hurries away for some tea, though she declares she will not have it.

"How softly the moonlight is falling all about the old garden at Tranquilla now," she says, in the same odd dreamy way. "I can fancy just how it looks, Susan, can't you?"

"Well, in the shadow of the standard roses lying across the broad walk, and every leaf of ivy on the old gables distinct as a photograph!"

"How happy we were then—you and I?"

"We shall be happy again, when the trees do not shut out the view altogether, and the orchard is full of great white double narcissus—no body has such narcissus as we have—and the corn-breaks are in the meadow. That is the time to see Tranquilla, before we are smothered in green leaves."

I am talking against time, hoping the Count will come back before she can ask me anything about Lord Lorraine, if she has it in her mind to ask me anything about her. But, though De Roquemont is long enough away to have fresh tea made—or so it seems to me, waiting impatiently—she never mentions Lord Lorraine's name—never refers to him in any way, nor to the interview in the drawing-room—never asks a single question about him, good or bad.

"I would rather think of Tranquilla as I saw it first," she goes on presently, in the same strange dreamy way, looking deep into the deepening sky. "But you must not fancy me there when you go back, Susan. You must never picture me to yourself coming down any of those long green walks, or gliding before you in the twilight, round corners or into shadowy places. I shall not haunt Tranquilla. I do not believe in ghosts; do you?"

"Not in living people," I answer cheerfully.

"Nor of the dead. The dead are at rest and quiet forever. Don't you believe that?"

How often I shall wish she had not said it! How often shall I try to persuade myself that she meant nothing by that strange speech, which even here, breaking her hand in mine conscious of her living, breathing presence, fills my heart with a presentiment of evil.

"Of course," I answer rather flippantly. "It is only wicked people who cannot rest. Good angels will not come back from heaven."

—everybody knows that.

She shoulders, and turns away from the window just as De Roquemont comes up with the cup of tea, which, however, she will not touch. Five minutes later I see her with Dudley Probyn, talking in just her usual manner, though her cheeks have not regained their usual color, and there is still that shadowy far-off look in her eyes.

We dance in the larger drawing-room later on, and while we are dancing Lord Lorraine comes in just as coolly as if nothing happened, and looking very dapper in his plain evening dress, with a red carnation in his buttonhole. He does not come into my neighborhood, nor do I see him with Charman except once, though I notice that her eyes follow him with a strange restlessness about the room. That once while I am pausing during a dance, standing for a moment with my back to the curtained archway, between the larger and the smaller drawing-rooms, talking to the Count de Roquemont, who is my partner. I hear Charman's voice, very low and quiet, speaking in the inner room. I saw her pass through the arch with Lord Lorraine a moment before—I think at her instigation, for there was a rather uncomfortable, if not apprehensive, look on his face.

"This is your ring, Scarlett," I hear her say, quite calmly. "I meant to have given it to you before."

"Thank you, she answers, coldly, and with a sense that she is preternaturally sharpened. I know he has stretched out his hand to take it from her."

"We made a mistake," she says piteously. "It is her last look—'but it is all over now.'"

"Yes," he returns, in his cold, quiet, perfectly gentlemanlike way. "It was a mistake. I am glad you see it in the light that I—that we all do. I hope you will be happy with some one better suited to you in every way than I could ever hope to be. Was that all you wanted to say to me?"

"That was all."

"Then shall we go back to the other room?" They come back through the archway together, Lord Lorraine slipping something into his pocket, Charman quite calm and self-possessed, but with a look of such supreme anguish in her eyes as makes my heart stand still. But even while I look at her she begins to talk to Dudley Probyn with one of her old careless smiles, and I draw a long breath, hoping that the worst is over. And soon afterward Lord Lorraine pleads another engagement and goes away, and I am glad of it. His very presence in the room is hateful to me—the very sound of his hard, cool, unsympathetic voice.

"I cannot get a really good look at Charman for the next half hour, there is such a crowd in the room. But her voice sounds much as usual, whenever I hear it, though she does not laugh at all, nor will she dance, though Dudley pleads hard for one waltz for the sake of 'auld lang syne.'"

It is now that Charman and I bid each other good night at the door of her room.

"You look tired," I say, putting my arms round her.

"My head aches," she answers slowly. "I did sleep last night. But I shall sleep soundly to-night; I am so tired."

"I hope you may, darling, Charman, shall you and I go down to Tranquilla to-morrow? I think the change would do you good."

She shakes her head, her hand on the lock of the door.

"But if it were only for a few days, Charman—for or for one day even?"

But she only shakes her head again, looking hard at me.

"Do think of it, Charman. You always slept so soundly there. And you look as if you wanted rest."

"And I shall rest," she says, with a sweet but rather determined smile.

"I will coax you to come to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

She is standing close to me, looking with curious interest into my face. I shall always remember how she looked as she stood there in her long mother-of-pearl gown, with filmy lace about the throat, and half-thrown sleeves, the candle in her hand throwing a strange glow of upward light on her face.

"Oh, Charman—your ring! I had almost forgotten to give it back to you!" I exclaim, struck by a sudden recollection. It is a little pearl hoop, which I picked up while I stood at her dressing-table before dinner and slipped upon my finger laughingly, saying it was like one of my own.

"Keep it for me till—till I wake," she says, stooping forward to kiss me on the forehead.

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

"Good-night, dear little child!"

Professional Cards.

P. P. GRAY, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office, next door to the Honolulu Library.

Office Hours: 8 to 10 A. M.

2 to 5 P. M.

Sundays, 9 to 11 A. M.

RESIDENCE, Alaka'i St., Opposite Y. M. C. A.

234-235

J. M. WHITNEY, M. D., D. S.

Dental Rooms on Fort Street,

Honolulu.

Office in Brewer's Block, corner Hotel and Fort Streets, entrance on Hotel Street.

Honolulu, H. I. 210-251

EDWARD F. HOPKES,

COUNSELOR AT LAW.

Office: Room No. 9 (over the Bank), Spencers' Block.

Honolulu, H. I. 210-771

CLARENCE WILDER, VOLNEY VAILLANCOURT

ASHFORD & ASHFORD,

Attorneys, Counselors, Solicitors, Ad-

vocates, Proctors, Conveyancers, Etc.

Office—"Honolulu Hall," adjoining Post-office.

20-177

J. ALFRED MAGOON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

41 MERCHANT STREET, HONOLULU.

120-137

JOHN H. PATY,

Notary Public and Commission of Deeds,

For the States of California and New York. Office

at the Bank of Bishop & Co.

Honolulu, Oahu, H. I. 210-251

L. A. THURSTON,

(Successor to Smith & Thurston)

Attorney at Law,

No. 38 MERCHANT STREET, HONOLULU.

250-107

S. B. DOLE,

Lawyer and Notary Public,

Will be at his office, at 15 Kaahumanu street, from

10 to 12 o'clock A. M., during the Legislative session.

250-307

W. R. CASTLE

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

No. 19, MERCHANT STREET, HONOLULU.

Attends all the Courts of the Kingdom. 210-251

Business Cards.

W. F. ALLEN.

Has an office with Messrs. Bishop & Co., corner of

Merchant and Kaahumanu streets, and will be

pleased to attend to any business entrusted to him.

20-177

L. AINE & Co.,

Commission Merchants,

Importers and dealers in Hay, Grain and General

Produce.

Honolulu, H. I. 210-251

G. WEST, H. M. DOW, C. W. MACFARLANE

WEST, DOW & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in all kinds of

Musical Instruments and Musical Goods.

Furniture of all kinds, Sewing Machines, Mirrors,

Paintings, Chromes and Toys, Picture Frames and

Curtains to order. Moving and Repairing Furniture

a specialty.

No. 105 FORT STREET, HONOLULU.

210-251

A. L. SMITH,

Importer and Dealer in Glassware,

Meridian Silver-Plated Ware,

Brussels, France.

No. 83 FORT STREET, HONOLULU.

210-251

King's Combination Spectacles and Eyeglasses,

General Ware, Fancy Goods, Picture Frames,

Woolen and Cotton Goods, H. I. Chase's Island

views, Clark's Spool Cotton, Machine Oil, all

kind of Machine Needles, Domestic Paper Fashions.

Sole agent of the universally acknowledged Light-

Running Domestic Sewing Machine.

210-251

J. E. WISEMAN,

Real Estate Broker and Employment

Bureau.

Rents Rooms, Cottages, Houses, and sells and leases

Real Estate in all parts of the Kingdom. Employ-

ment found for those seeking work in all the various

branches of business connected with the Islands.

210-251

W. R. N. Legal Documents drawn, Bills collected,

Books and Accounts kept, and general office work

transacted. Outrageous solicited. Commission mod-

erate.

Honolulu, H. I. 210-251

BISHOP & CO., Bankers

Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Draw Exchange on

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

And their agents in

NEW YORK, BOSTON,

PARIS,

FRANKFURT-